

## BORDER SCENES.

Graphic and Lively Description of Sights on the Mexican Frontier.

The Rio Grande is about one hundred yards wide at Laredo, good, clear water flowing over a sandy, stony bed. From the banks are piled on horseback in many places. It is only navigable for small boats, from Brownsville down.

The high banks on either side are thick set with Mexican families, or adobe houses. The houses are built of large mud bricks, which have been dried in the sun. They have dirt floors and straw roofs, and, in many cases, no chimneys or windows.

There are, also, cave-dwellers who dig circular pits in the side of the river bank, and pass a life of contentment in them.

Down by the water's edge a novel scene is presented. Women and children, barefooted and bareheaded, are seated on the rocks washing clothes in the cold water.

Other women have tall, wide-mouthed, side-handled jars filled with hominy from which they are raising out the corn and ashes, and the men are leaning over the water on donkey carts. Those who have not the cart, rig a barrel after the fashion of a tub, fill it with water, then hitch a donkey to it by means of a rawhide rope, and thus pull it away a daily supply.

Chosen up the hill with two buckets of water, suspended from the end of a pole, and balance across the shoulders. Leaving the river side we pass up to the city of Nuevo Laredo, which is in the State of Tamaulipas.

It is Sunday morning yet all the stores, eating houses, saloons, gambling places and cock-pits are open to the public. At this season of the year (February), chicken fighting on Sundays seems to be the most popular amusement.

Later on, bull fights will be the chief entertainment. There is a large arena in the suburbs of the city, where the public gather to witness the semi-savage entertainment.

Tough strongly condemned by citizens in the United States, yet, when they come here, most Americans like the bull fight, at the first opportunity, regard it as the day, and many of them become quite regular patrons thereafter.

On the street at one corner, in a very public place, we see an old, blind beggar, on his knees praying in a very loud voice, while his hand is extended for alms. He prays loud and long for all who will give.

There are scores of peddlers passing, with a stool under their arm and a wide, flat basket on their heads. They may be heard in every part of the city crying, "pan, leche, carne, tortillas, dulce, tamales," meaning bread, milk, corn-cakes and candy. The "amales" is a mixture of corn-meal, meat and red pepper, cooked in corn-soups.

The most popular dish is "chile con carne," made of equal parts of a head meat and red pepper, with sufficient water to mix them.

Passing on we see pack donkeys loaded with wood, vegetables, water, hay, and, in fact, anything in the way of burden. They have no bridles, yet are easily guided by a man or boy who follows in behind and nudges them right or left with a short stick.

Almost every family keeps a donkey, and, in a small town, where they all buy for their breakfast at the same time, other creatures may as well keep silent. They are, in a measure, the household "cameras" of Mexico, and if not fed well are sure to sing for you.

Next we meet a Mexican cow-boy. He has on a wide, richly embroidered sombrero, a buckskin suit, a pair of large spurs, a woolen blanket, and a long, horsehair lariat around the horn of the saddle. He is going in a lasso on a wild mule.

We also meet a number of lumberjacks, some of whom are drawn by three yoke of oxen. The oxen pull by their heads. The yoke is always lashed to the horns by means of strong, rawhide thongs.

Though Sunday morning, we meet a man plowing and planting corn. His plow is made of a square piece of timber, with an iron point on one end. It had two large horses harnessed to the top end, from one of which the beam extended, and a single straight handle from the other. He marks with this, and drills the corn in rows about one foot apart, with hopes of raising "maize grande"—big corn.

A Sordid Not Happen.

Two old soldiers met on a Kingston City street today, and the lips of a veteran said to the other, who had been his chum in the army.

"Say, do you remember I ut, at the time we were down on the Rappahannock, 1862?"

"Yes, I remember the Lieutenant," said the other, "but what incident do you have reference to?"

"The time he took his sword over the snout of a hog," was the answer as he laughed loudly.

"It was just before the battle of Fredericksburg, and our regiment had been sent down the Rappahannock to build a corduroy road, a sort of make-believe arrangement to draw off the J. Lees."

"The ground hadn't been foraged over, and there were lots of good things for the boys."

"We found a pen full of hogs, and the boys went for the pork with their bayonets and killed a number of them. I stationed myself at the door of the pen to keep the boys from running out, while the boys prodded them. We got them all killed except a big boar, and this porker was fairly wild."

The Lieutenant had a handsome new sword, which probably had been presented to him by his admiring townsfolk. He was very proud of it.

"One of the soldiers made a lunge at the boar, missed his aim, just scratching the animal. Furiously the hog started for the door of the pen."

"The men shouted, 'Look out, Lieutenant, the hog's got out!'"

"In the excitement the Lieutenant drew his sword, and as the boar stuck its head out of the door gave the animal a tremendous blow, breaking the blade of his sword in two pieces."

"We killed the hog, but the boys could not get over the little incident, and ever afterward when they were examining a new or particularly handsome sword, instead of asking if it was a Damascus blade, would inquire:

"Is it hog-proof?" (Kingston Freeman.)

Valuable Household Maxims.

Impress upon your wife that early to bed and early to rise is the best motto for a woman to live up to.

This will insure you a warm bed at night and a hot breakfast in the morning.—Judge.

Fine feathers make fine hats, and fine hats make fine ladies.

## APPETIZERS.

She Took Care of His Money.

At breakfast-time yesterday morning one of Pittsburg's best citizens looked uneasy and suspicious. Finally he remarked to his wife, as he sipped a roll:

"Sleep well last night?"

"Yes, dear, fairly well."

"Didn't find a man under the bed when you looked for him last night?"

"No, dear."

"And you didn't hear any burglars about the house?"

"Why, no, dear."

"I thought you didn't," he replied, with a sarcastic smile. "You didn't wake me up once to go down stairs to check them out. I'd like to know, though, where that five-dollar gold piece, those three silver dollars, and three half dollars and quarters I had in my pocket last night when I went to bed have disappeared to?"

"I have them my dear."

"Where do you have 'em?" he exclaimed, astounded by the openness of the confession.

"Yes, dear; I read in the paper that money is tight in St. Louis, and you know it is just as likely to get tight here as there, so I thought I best to take it away from you."—(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

How the Butcher Worsted the Farmer.

A butcher called at the house of a meat merchant in a certain town in this county to do some business.

"It being on a Monday morning, he was asked if he meat was killed on Sunday, and was answered yes, and was told that he could send no meat there until was killed on the Sabbath."

The latter part of the week the man of blood was halted by the dominion, who said he wanted a new beef.

The butcher retorted that he had none to sell him, as he was doing taking money that was earned on Sunday.—(Butteborough (Vt.) Recorder.)

## Her Elastic Age.

A colored man taking out a marriage license was asked the usual questions:

"How old is the woman you want to marry?"

"Well, boss, I s'pose she's 'bout 15."

"Then she is under age and you will have to get her out of her parents."

"O, boss, you know we gals always try to make ourselves young, but I kin swear she's 20."

"Do you swear to that?"

"Up went the hand."

"How old are you?"

"Well, I see 35, but I kin be older if necessary."—(Detroit Free Press.)

To the Great Sinning Public.

Sir Theodore Martin holds that "no man is ever tempted by anything which he has not the ability to perform," and that this principle is especially applicable to sinners.

No doubt. But if it is to be carried out in perfect strictness what is to become of congregational psalmody, and what would happen to the great majority of Italian opera tenors?

Sir Theodore's theory is admirable, but revolutionary. It would lead to the immediate suppression of nine-tenths of all the singing in the world.—(London Globe.)

Not the Bustle He Meant.

"There has been an awful bustle here this afternoon," said the clerk to Mr. B., who had just returned to the hotel from an afternoon ride.

"I know it," remarked the lady viciously. "It sounds like a commotion, and I have sent my maid to the city woman who made it. Now what are you grinning at, Seth?"

But Spicer had got out of the room without vouchsafing an explanation.—(Boston Bulletin.)

An Industrious Husband.

Mrs. Wiggers: "Dear, dear, I'm most dead, but I'll have to go chop some wood."

Mrs. Wiggers: "Chop wood, indeed; why don't your husband do that?"

"Oh, he never has time to do anything. He writes in his study a hour every day and has to rest a lot that."

"Humph! What's he writing?"

"Ago ner book on the labor problem."—(Omaha World.)

A Decline in Real Estate.

Landlord (to stranger): "The property I've put thirty-five thousand dollars in. I wouldn't take a cent less."

Stranger: "I don't want to buy. I am only the tax assessor."

Landlord: "Oh, I beg your pardon. I should consider myself a very fortunate man if I could get seven or eight thousand dollars for that property."—(Judge.)

A Shopping Excursion.

An old lady came to one of the stores of Spar, a little time since, when the merchant, an old gentleman, bowed to her very politely and asked her if he could sell her some goods.

She replied: "I didn't want to trade any—just thought I'd monkey around a little."—(Crittenden Times.)

What He Came Back For.

Father of young girl: "I should think you would be satisfied after the treatment you got here last night. I kicked you down the front steps and set the dog on you, and he came back with a big piece of your trousers. Now what do you want?"

Young Man: "I'd like that piece of cloth, please."—(L.A.)

An Editor's Wheelbarrow.

The writer has for the past 40 years depended on the kindness of his neighbors when in want of a wheelbarrow, but now has one of his own, and he expects shall have no occasion to borrow, and hopes no one else will.—(Danvers (Mass.) Mirror.)

A Dentist.

"A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone. For those whom fate has left without, and finds provision for his own. By pulling other people's out."

More True than Elegant.

The latest pronunciation of matrimony is "matter o' money."—(Merchant Traveler.)

Birds of a Feather.

A barber in Aurora has opened a lawyer's office in his shop. Different was of shaving a customer—that's all.—(St. Albans Messenger.)

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